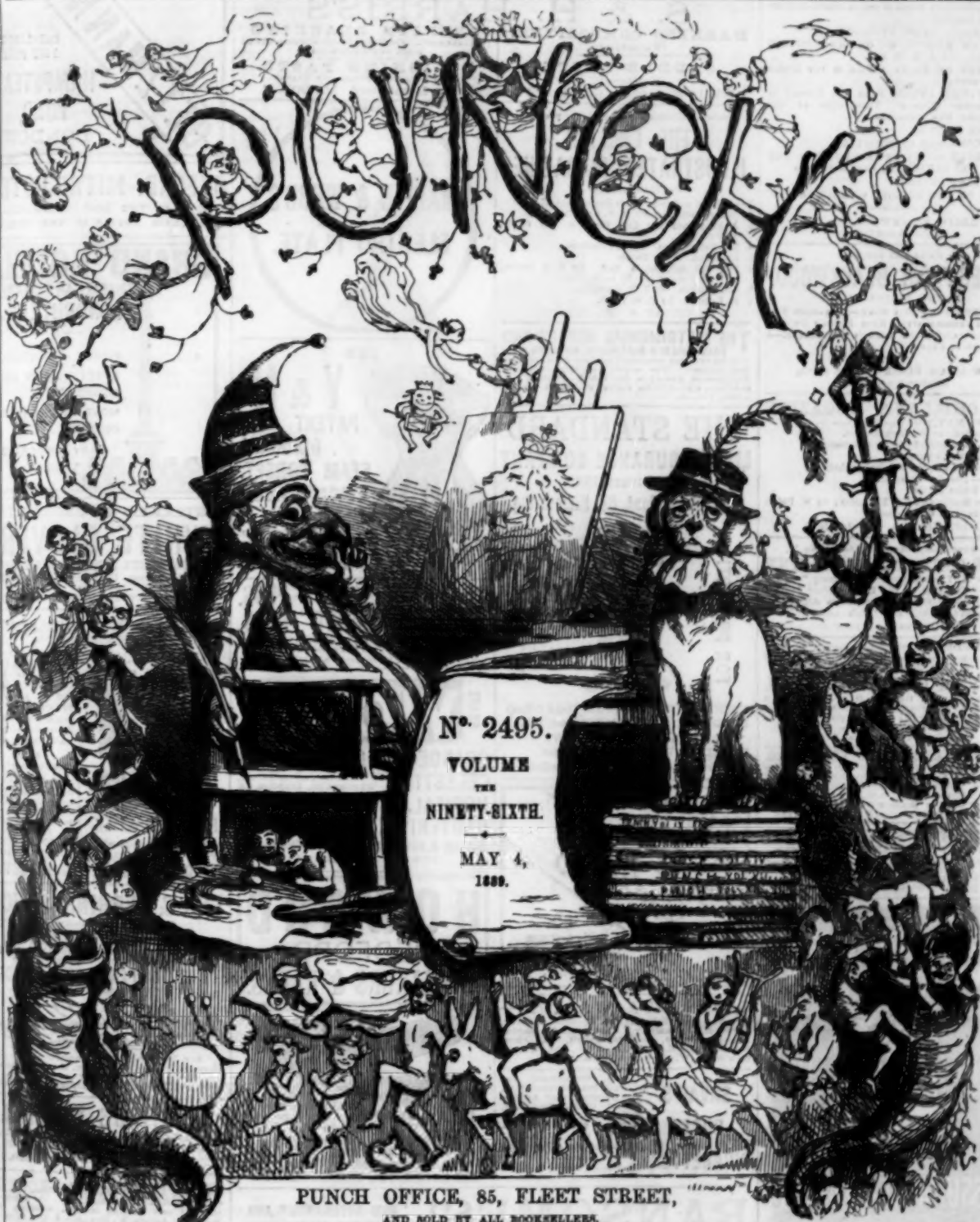


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## TALES OF A TRAVELLER.

OBEDIENT to your orders, I interviewed his Lordship. In reply to my first question, "Where have you been all this long time?" the distinguished traveller replied, "Everywhere. South Pole, North Pole, East and West pole. In leaving the North Foreland—I mean the Dorogovki Straits, first turning to the left after leaving Pubb's Island.—I steered a straight course in my caravan, which for convenience I had fitted up so as to use it as a sailing boat, rowing, or steam-boat, or in fact, anything. It was intensely cold at midday and we registered (I had a registrar with me for births, deaths, and marriages) sixty-four degrees below zero, which was good for the Bank, but bad for the players who had gone the *maximum en plein*. At night it was lower again, and they all got so low that most of my party refused to play any more. Along the road we counted five thousand dead Indians, who had, I suppose, committed suicide, in consequence of zero turning up so often. Otherwise, I can't account for it."

I asked him, "Did he feel warm himself?"

His Lordship replied, "Never better. Had a high old time of it. We left Jamrackia hurriedly, being pursued by raving-mad wild beasts; and, to save our lives, we had to swim across a river, the water of which, strange as it may sound, had risen so much during the recent floods, that it rose considerably higher than Niagara, and we had to swim up with the tide, as it came with a mighty impetus below to reach its own level, which was now just two miles and a-half above."

I could not help remarking that this must have given him considerable trouble.

"Indeed it did," he replied,



CERTIFIED ENGLISH LADY EIFFEL TOURIST GUIDES TO PARIS DURING THE EXHIBITION.

with a smile. "What with holding my bag in one hand, my gun in the other, my knife in my mouth, and having to keep my pockets closed for fear anything should drop out, I had enough to do, I can tell you; and I may add, I really should not care about going through the performance again. However, when we had arrived safely on shore, the climate of the hitherto undiscovered country was perfect, we were soon dry and chattering with the natives, many of whose faces I was almost certain I recognised as having seen frequently in London."

"Really!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," said his Lordship rising, "I have made the grand discovery of the age. The North Pole is as easy of access to a Londoner as is London to a Northpolar. They have possessed the secret of the passage for years past, and they are often over here and among us. They are acquainted with everything that is going on in London, speak our language perfectly, and indeed no other. They have no leading man of energy among them to work a company and make the intercommunication as simple and as big a commercial success as the Club Train ought to be which starts at 4.30 from Victoria and lands its passengers at 11 P.M. in Paris, the baggage being examined, and the dinner eaten *en route*. Will you put your name down for 100 shares in the London and North Pole Club Train?"

But while his Lordship was finding the prospectus, I suddenly remembered that I was due at your office within five minutes, and so I left without disturbing his Lordship, who, I hear, is going to add to his title and appear as Earl of Longtale and Munchausen.

DECAY OF ART.—The pictures of the National Portrait Gallery are spoiling at Bethnal Green. Certainly, as *Macbeth* says:—"This is a sorry site."

## H.M.S. "CALLIOPE."

A Dithyrambic to the "Deus ex Machina" of to-day.

"A remarkable incident of the hurricane at Samoa is related this week. Captain KANE, commanding the *Calliope*, finding his vessel in danger, turned her head to the storm, and endeavoured to steam out of the harbour of Apia in the teeth of the hurricane. For a few minutes it seemed as if Nature must win, but the engines were good, and the engineers daring, and inch by inch the *Calliope* made way. As she passed the great American corvette *Trenton*, her crew of four hundred, who knew their vessel was drifting on the reef, and were momentarily expecting death, recognised Captain KANE's daring seamanship, and with true professional, and, we may add, American feeling, gave the *Calliope* a vigorous cheer. Enough has not been said of the *Calliope*'s engines. It was their quality and condition which enabled the commander of the *Calliope* to adopt a plan from which both German and American, with older engines, necessarily shrank."—*The Spectator*.

Who flouts our "mechanical age," and with pessimist babble declares That machinery masters our manhood, and dulls down the spirit that dares? Let him turn to the tale of Samoa, the story of stout Captain KANE, And that fight with the storm of the Engines he trusted—nor trusted in vain.

A new subject for song, and a strange one, the languid lute-thrummers may sneer. Fancy seeking a bard's inspiration in Engine, and Boiler, and Gear!

Fancy PINDAR be-praising a Piston, CATULLUS be-chanting a Crank!

Well, why not a battle-ship's "screw," Sir, as well as a battle-steed's shank?

He who rhymed of the "Good News from Ghent," he who sang "The Black War-rigal Horse,"

Might thrill English hearts with the tale of the gallant *Calliope*'s course.

In the teeth of that terrible gale, when the best that the brave and the bold

Could do were of little avail should those Engines perchance fail to hold!

But the Engines were big, RENNIE's best, firm to stand the fierce shock and the strain

Of the thundering Typhoon's assaults, and he knew it, that stout Captain KANE;

And just as a well-mounted rider will set his good steed at a leap,

Which a man on a cripple must shirk, whence a man on a cocktail will creep,

So KANE set his ship in the face of the storm, slipped his cables, and stood

For the broad open sea he might reach—yes, if RENNIE's great Engines proved good.

And now was the time for such test as the measured-mile trials knew not,

Such strain as will find the least flaw, and such pressure as proves the weak spot.

Bad now if a draughtsman has bungled, bad now if a workman has scamped!

Picture now that swart first Engineer, as they circled, and thudded, and champed,

Those shafts, and those rods, and those wheels, which he knows to a nut and a tooth.

If those Titan-arm "throws" are forged fair, if those slides run with smoothness and truth,

Who knows? They may ride out the gale, though the *Grant* and the *Nipsic* ashore

Lie wrecked on a reef, and the *Trenton* scarce faces the hurricane's roar.

"Huza!" That's a cheer from the *Trenton*: brave hearts have those Yankees who hail,

The *Calliope*'s plucky attempt, from the midst of a peril to pale

The cheeks of COLUMBUS himself, "Hail Columbia!" the sound of that cheer

Will follow us, gallant four hundred, this many and many a year.

The loud-throbbing engines toil on through the fierce billow-mourning wild blast,

And—hurrah! thanks to KANE and to RENNIE, they're out of the sea-gate at last!

The reef's in their rear, and sore pressed by the gale, but to battle it free,

With machinery firm and unflawed, the *Calliope* stands out to sea.

If a jockey has joy in his mount, if a sailor exults in his yacht,

If *Ormonde* gets kudos all round, and the *Volunteer*'s held a big pot,

Pray why should not Captain and Maker be proud of such Engines as these?

So in drinking KANE's jolly good health, *Punch* will drink RENNIE's too, if you please.

## AN EXHIBITION MATCH

BETWEEN THE BRUMMAGEM BRUISER AND THE PADDINGTON PET.



## ROUND THE FIRST.

*A Fragment from Contemporary Fisticiana.*

MUCH interest has of late been excited in sportive circles, and especially among Corinthian amateurs of the fistic art, by the doings and sayings,—especially the latter—of the two lads above named.

Two more promising “scrappers” have, perhaps, not appeared in the pugilistic arena for a considerable period, than the “Brummagem Bruiser” and the “Paddington Pet.”

When the “Cracks” peeled, considerable disparity in their size was observable, yet by the knowing ones it was thought that the

superior “beef” of the Bruiser might be more than compensated for by what, in semi-Byronic phraseology, may be designated the “dancing devilry” of the indomitable “Pet.”

As they shook hands it was seen that the Brum stood well over his man, looked longer in the reach, and gave promise of greater propelling power in the proper quarter. The cheers for his game little opponent however were vociferous, to an extent indeed which seemed somewhat to nettle the “Bruiser,” who at once let fly with his right, but was out of distance, and nearly fell with the force of his own blow. At any rate he appeared to do so, though thus early in the fight, whispers of “barney,” “kibosh,” “a put up job,” &c., went surreptitiously round the ring.



### "JUVENILE VAGRANCY."

HAVING READ IN THE *TIMES*, ON THIS SUBJECT, THAT THE CHIEF COMMISSIONER OF POLICE IS ACTING IN CONCERT WITH THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN, &c., &c., AND THAT "THE GREATEST KINDNESS THAT CAN BE SHOWN TO A BEGGING CHILD IS TO SET THIS MACHINERY IN MOTION, BY GIVING HIM OR HER IN CHARGE UNDER 'THE VAGRANT ACT,'" MR. WIGGINS, THE PHILANTHROPIST, DOES SO!—BUT—TABLEAU!—RATHER WISHES HE HAD LET IT ALONE.

Recovering himself, JOE weaved into distance, and presently let out a nasty one of a somewhat doubtful character perhaps, at which there were cries of "foul" from the partisans of the "Pet," whose numbers seemed greatly to preponderate. The Referee ordered the lads to fight on, and there was a grin on Random's mug which the suspicious took due note of. Pulling himself together, he let fly right and left, and rattled into the Brum in fine style, being "all over his man" in a brace of shakes, and delivering a series of well-planted spanks, which, if not given open-handed (as some declared they were), must have made Master JOE feel all abroad. The Brum, however, did not seem much to mind (another suspicious sign in the eyes of some), his dexter orb was closed (whether owing to a whack or a wink seemed doubtful), he broke ground and retreated very judgmatically with a sweet smile on his rather cold-cut phiz, which looked scarcely at home there somehow, and when the round came to an end, and the Cracks dropped into their cane-bottomed chairs, it was difficult for those not "in the know" to determine which of them had really got the best of it.

Only, it was fancied by some that the amount of puffing and panting, rubbing down, and silk-handkerchief-waving, which followed was just a *lettle* out of proportion to the absolute necessity of the case, on the actual ding-dong wear and tear of such a round with pugilistic marvels in the pink of condition like the Brummagem Bruiser and the Paddington Pet.

ELLEN'S CAP AND HENRY'S BELLS.—Why was *The Bells* chosen as a piece to be played before the QUEEN? Why? Because the name of the Prince of WALES's estate suggested it. The Royal command by telegraph was "*Give us The Bells, (S)and-ring-'em.*" HENRY, ELLEN & Co., travelled by special train to Sandringham. Of course with the special engine-driver was the BRAM STOKER.

THE NEXT LIONS.—To arrive in May. The Wolf and the Persian Chat.

### SIGNS OF THE "TIMES" (AND "STANDARD").

(To the Editor.)

SIR,—You will be pleased to hear that I've just heard the cuckoo. So no more at present from  
Yours sincerely,  
The Vicarage, Snootlemore. COTTON WOOL.

SIR,—It will interest your readers to be informed that I've seen a swallow. Send me sixpence.  
Yours, TOMMY.  
Swish Cottage, Birchington.

SIR,—I have just seen a dead donkey. This is remarkable so early in spring. Can any of your readers inform me where there's another?  
Yours, A LOVER OF NATURE.  
Thistle Lodge, Bray.

SIR,—The other night, on returning home from a dinner-party, I witnessed the singular spectacle of a chaffer on the top of a Putney omnibus. I ran after it, and tried to catch it, but I regret to say I was unable to do so, and had to walk home, a distance of nearly three miles, in the wet.  
Yours, HABITANS IN STUCCO.  
Pilaster Villa, Lathbury Road, S. W.

SIR,—While at breakfast this morning I saw a swallow. I expressed my surprise to my youngest boy, JOHNNIE. He immediately replied, "Well, father, you'd have been more surprised if you'd swallowed a saw."  
Yours, JOSEPH MILLER.  
Little Whitborough.

SIR,—5 A.M. I've just heard a thrush and got out of his way.  
The Laven, Wrigglesworth. Yours, THE EARLY WORM.

[\*.\* This correspondence must now cease.—ED.]

"ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS."—The real reason of General BOUTANGER's visit to London has leaked out at last. We have it on the best authority that the General is to play the part of *Victor Dubois* on the 5000th performance of *Ici on Parle Français* at TOOLE'S.



## THE TWO FIRST LION COMIQUES OF THE SEASON

In their famous Duet, with Dugong Accompaniment.



*Le Brav' Général.* I am a lion ashore.  
*The Dugong.* I am a lion at sea.  
*Le Brav' Général.* I shall be asked by everyone.  
*The Dugong.* They'll all have to come to me.  
*Le Brav' Général.* I shall receive invitations  
 To dinner. R. S. V. P.  
*The Dugong.* If you are the man for dinner,  
 I am the Man-at-tea.

Ensemble.

We the first Lions of the season be,  
*The Brav' Général* and the Man-at-tea!

[Dance.]

## MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

## No. III.—A DEMOCRATIC DITTY.

THE following example, although it gives a not wholly inadequate expression to what are understood to be the loftier aspirations of the most advanced and earnest section of the New Democracy, should not be attempted, as yet, before a West-End audience. In South or East London, the sentiment and philosophy of the song may possibly excite rapturous enthusiasm; in the West-End, though the tone is daily improving, they are not educated quite up to so exalted a level at present. Still, as an experiment in proselytism, it might be worth risking, even there. The title it bears is:—

## GIVEN AWAY—WITH A POUND OF TEA!

VERSE I.—(Introductory.)

SOME GROCERS have taken to keeping a stock  
 Of ornaments—such as a vase, or a clock—  
 With a ticket on each where the words you may see:  
 "To be given away—with a Pound of Tea!"

Chorus (in waltz time).

"Given away!"

That's what they say.

Gratis—a present it's offered you free.

Given away,

With nothing to pay,

"Given away—(tenderly)—with a Pound of Tea!"

VERSE II.—(Containing the moral reflection.)

Now, the sight of those tickets gave me an idea.  
 What it set me a-thinking you're going to 'ear:  
 I thought there were things that would possibly be  
 Better given away—with a Pound of Tea!

Chorus—"Given away." So much as to say, &amp;c.

VERSE III.—This, as being rather personal than general in its application, may need some apology. It is really put as a graceful concession to the taste of an average Music-Hall audience, who like to be assured that the Artists who amuse them are as unfortunate as they are erratic in their domestic relations.)

Now, there's my old Miasus who sits up at 'ome,—  
 And when I sneak up-stairs my 'air she will comb,—  
 I don't think I'd call it bad business if she  
 Could be given away—with a Pound of Tea!

Chorus—"Given away!" That's what they say, &c.  
 [Mutatis mutandis.]

VERSE IV.—(Fying at higher game. The social satire here is perhaps almost too good-natured, seeing what intolerable pests all Peers are to the truly Democratic mind. But we must walk before we can run. Good-humoured contempt will do very well, for the present.)

Fair Americans snap up the pick of our Lords.

It's a practice a sensible Briton applauds.

[This will check any groaning at the mention of Aristocrats.  
 Far from grudging our Dooks to the pretty Yan-kee,—  
 (Magnanimously) Why, we'd give 'em away—with a Pound  
 of Tea!

Chorus—Give 'em away! So we all say, &amp;c.

VERSE V.—(More frankly Democratic still.)

To-wards a Republic we're getting on fast;

Many old Institutions are things of the past.

(Philosophically) Soon the Crown'll go, too, as an an-noma-lee,  
 And be given away—with a Pound of Tea!

Chorus—"Given away!" Some future day, &amp;c.

VERSE VI.—(Which expresses the peaceful proclivities of the populace with equal eloquence and wisdom. A welcome contrast to the era when Britons had a bellicose and immoral belief in the possibility of being called upon to defend themselves at some time!)

We've made up our minds—though the Jingoes may jor—

Under no provocation to drift into war!

So the best thing to do with our costly Na-vee

Is—Give each ship away, with a Pound of Tea!

Chorus—Give 'em away, &amp;c.

VERSE VII.—(We cannot well avoid some reference to the Irish Question in a Music-hall ditty, but observe the logical and statesmanlike method of treating it here. The argument—if crudely stated—is borrowed from some advanced by our foremost politicians.)

We've also discovered at last that it's a crule

To deny the poor Irish their right to 'Ome Rule!

So to give 'em a Parlyment let us agree—

(Rationally) Or they may blow us up with a Pound of their  
 "Tea"! [A euphemism which may possibly be remembered and understood.]

Chorus—Give it away, &amp;c.

VERSE VIII. (in which we strike a Socialistic Note).

The career of the School Board we'll cut pretty short:—

(Pathetically) Why should we 'ave to pay for our kids being  
 tort?

Education at Eton, without any fee!

We'll give every urchin, along with his tea!

Chorus—"Given away!" There they shall stay. Go up to College  
 and get a degree.

The best Educay-Shon given away. "Given away, with a Pound  
 of Tea!"

VERSE IX. (culminating in a glorious prophetic burst of the Coming  
 Dawn).

Iniquitous burdens and rates we'll relax:

For each "h" that's pronounced we will clap on a tax!

[A very popular measure.]

And a nouse in Belgraveyer, with furniture free,

Shall each Soshalist sit in, a taking his tea!

Chorus, and dance off.—Given away! Ippipooray! Gratis we'll  
 get it, for nothing and free!

Given away! Not a penny to pay! Given away! With a Pound  
 of Tea!

If this Democratic Dream does not appeal favourably to the imagination of the humblest citizen, the popular tone must have been misrepresented by many who claim to act as its chosen interpreters—a supposition *Mr. Punch* must decline to entertain for a single moment.

THE TRIUMPHAL CAR-MAN.—The bold Carman who, last Saturday morning in the City, courageously stopped the runaway horses which no policeman could arrest without a warrant, or without their being formally given in charge, deserves a piece of plate, with plenty on it. A Musical Entertainment might be given in his honour, and his daring act sung to the *Toréador* air appropriately selected from *Carmen*.

MONTE CARLO, JUNIOR.—During the Exhibition time there are to be tables at St. Germain's. What a chance for *Mr. SMITH* and a few more M.P.'s, whose cry is, "*Delenda est Monte Carlo!*" to take the Club Train on Saturday afternoon, and—ahem!—make a quiet excursion to St. Germain's on Sunday. Quite a little Sabbath Day's Journey.

## THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

February 18.—CARRIE has several times recently called attention to the thinness of my hair at the top of my head, and recommended me to get it seen to. I was this morning trying to look at it by the aid of a small hand-glass, when somehow my elbow caught against the edge of the chest of drawers and knocked the glass out of my hand and smashed it. CARRIE was in an awful way about it, as she is rather absurdly superstitious. To make matters worse, my large photograph in the drawing-room fell during the night, and the glass is cracked. CARRIE said, "Mark my words, CHARLES, some misfortune is about to happen." I said, "Nonsense, dear." In the evening LUPIN arrived home early, and seemed a little agitated. I said, "What's up, my boy?" He hesitated a good deal, and then said, "You know those Parachikka Chlorates I advised you to invest £20 in?" I replied, "Yes—they are all right I trust?" He replied, "Well, no! To the surprise of everybody they have utterly collapsed." My breath was so completely taken away, I could say nothing. CARRIE looked at me and said, "What did I tell you?" LUPIN after a while said, "However, you are specially fortunate. I received an early tip, and sold out yours immediately, and was fortunate to get £2 for them. So you get something after all." I gave a sigh of relief. I said, "I was not so sanguine as to suppose, as you predicted, that I should get six or eight times the amount of my investment, still a profit of £2 is a good per-centage for such a short time." LUPIN said, quite irritably, "You don't understand. I sold your £20 shares for £2—you therefore lose £18 on the transaction, whereby CUMMINGS and GOWING will lose the whole of theirs."

February 19.—LUPIN before going to town said, "I am very sorry about those Parachikka Chlorates. It would not have happened if the Boss, JOE CLEANANDS, had been in town. Between ourselves, you must not be surprised if something goes wrong at our office. JOE CLEANANDS has not been seen the last few days, and it strikes me several people do want to see him very particularly." In the evening LUPIN was just on the point of going out to avoid a collision with GOWING and CUMMINGS, when the former entered the room without knocking, but with his usual trick of saying, "May I come in?" He entered, and to the surprise of LUPIN and myself, seemed to be in the very best of spirits. Neither LUPIN nor I broached the subject to him, but he did so of his own accord. He said, "I say those Parachikka Chlorates have gone an awful smash—you're a nice one, Master LUPIN. How much do you lose?" LUPIN, to my utter astonishment said, "Oh, I had nothing in them. There was some informality in my application—I forgot to enclose the cheque, or something, and I didn't get any. The Gov. loses £18." I said, "I quite understood you were in it, or nothing would have induced me to speculate." LUPIN replied, "Well, it can't be helped; you must go double on the next tip." Before I could reply, GOWING said, "Well, I lose nothing, fortunately. From what I heard, I did not quite believe in them, so I persuaded CUMMINGS to take my £15 worth, as he had more faith in them than I had." LUPIN burst out laughing, and in the most unseemly manner said, "Alas, poor CUMMINGS! He'll lose £35." At that moment there was a ring at the bell. LUPIN said, "I don't want to meet CUMMINGS." If he had gone out of the door he would have met him in the passage, so as quickly as possible, LUPIN opened the parlour window and got out. GOWING jumped up suddenly, exclaiming, "I don't want to see him either!" and, before I could say a word, he followed LUPIN out of the window. For my own part, I was horrified to think my own son and one of my most intimate friends should depart from the house like a couple of interrupted burglars. Poor CUMMINGS was very upset, and of course was naturally very angry both with LUPIN and GOWING. I pressed him to have a little whiskey, and he replied that he had given up whiskey, but would like a little "Unsweetened," as he was advised it was the most healthy spirit. I had none in the house, but sent CARRIE round to LOCKWOOD'S for some.

February 20.—The first thing that caught my eye on opening the Standard was "Great Failure of Stock and Share Dealers. Mr. JOE CLEANANDS absconded." I handed it to CARRIE, and she replied, "Oh, perhaps it's for LUPIN'S good. I never did think it an advisable situation for him." I thought the whole affair very shocking. LUPIN came down to breakfast, and seeing he looked painfully distressed, I said, "We know the news, my dear boy, and feel very sorry for you." LUPIN said, "How did you know—who told you?" I handed him the Standard. He threw the paper down, and said, "Oh, I don't care a button for that. I expected that, but I did not expect this." He then read a letter from FRANK MUTLER, announcing in a cool manner that DAISY MUTLER is to be married next month to MURRAY POSH. I exclaimed, "MURRAY POSH?—is not that the very man FRANK had the impudence to bring here last Tuesday week?" LUPIN said, "Yes—The 'Posh's-three-shilling-hats' chap." We all then eat our breakfast in dead silence. When LUPIN rose to go I noticed a malicious smile creep over his face. I asked him what it meant. He replied, "Oh, only a little consolation—still it is a consolation. I have just remembered, that by my advice, Mr. MURRAY POSH has invested £600 in Parachikka Chlorates!"

## OUR OWN HARE.

INCONGRUITY is the essence of humour, and a mischievously inclined humorous spirit must have been in the air when the honoured name of "Shaftesbury" having been bestowed on the new street and open space, the locality was immediately pounced upon by theatrical speculators as the very place of all others best suited for the erection of Thespian Temples dedicated to the cult of Thalia and Melpomene. Then and there, the title should have been changed to "Shakespeare Avenue." Even now the substitution of a few letters will effect the transformation.



Mr. Forbes Robertson (as *The Profligate*). "Why do they call me Renshaw? Is it because I have been so racketsy?"

*The Profligate*, lies in his tendency to make his strongly-individualised characters occasionally talk as such characters off the stage and in real life never would have talked, even occasionally. I hope to find another opportunity to say something more of this play; at present, I can only recommend everyone to see it. It is so admirably built up that, until the climax of the Third Act is reached, you do not realise how excellent is its dramatic construction. Mr. HARE has so little to do or say in it that he is only "The Hare Apparent."

Miss KATE BORKE is winning her way to the front rank of high comedy, so high as to touch tragedy: that is "BORKE'S drift," as every playgoer will recognise. Miss BEATRICE LAMB is also excellent. Fresh, sweet, and vinegary,—Lamb and mint sauce. Suffice it that Mr. HARE has been prodigal in everything he has done, his prodigality off the stage and Mr. PINKEO'S profligacy on it, ought to meet with their due reward at the hands of a discriminating public, who, following the HARE, will, I hope, have a good run for their money.

Some complaints there will always be made, even in the most perfect of theatres, by persons who have constituted themselves professional and representative grumblers, but even these will be puzzled to find matter for growling about, unless they want the Manager to send broughams to their private residences to fetch them to the theatre, and carry them back again, and when they are there, to be provided with refreshments and cigarettes, gloves and bouquets, gratis, having, of course, been admitted free to the very best parts of the House.

CURLIE WIG.



EXTRACT FROM A DIARY FOUND NEAR THE HAYMARKET THEATRE, APRIL 27.—*Mem.*—*Wealth alone does not bring happiness.*—B. T.



## A NEW TRADE!

"YES, MUM, FATHER KEPT AN INN AT LITTLE PEDDINGTON, AND MOTHER KEPT THE POST-OFFICE THERE."

"AND YOUR LATE MASTER—WHO AND WHAT WAS HE?"

"THE REVEREND MR. WILKINS, MA'AM. HE KEPT A VICARAGE AT MEDLINGHAM, CLOSE BY!"

## THE UNINVITED GUEST.

MR. BULL, *loquitur* :—

WELL, here you are, *brav' Général!* Un-gracious

'Twould be, perhaps, to ask too closely "Why?"

Welcome? Oh, yes! Free quarters here are spacious;

(And promptly found by those who have to fly.)

Liberty Hall, *mon Général*, now as ever,

We ask few questions of our casual guests;

And fugitives are commonly too clever

To doubt where the true Bird of Freedom nests.

Affects our "brumous Isle," that fowl does, funnily.

Not quite so showy as your Eagle, eh? Our climate may not smile upon you sunnily.

Can't answer for it, *Général*, for a day

You come 'midst April showers, a heavyish sprinkle

That dainty spirits might esteem a drench;

But May's at hand, when we may get a twinkle

Of brightness, fitful though, and hardly French.

May! That reminds me that you're most unlucky

To be away from Paris at a time

When all the world, from China to Kentucky,

Will swarm into that city dear, sublime;

That modish Earthly Paradise,—not MORRIS'S,—

Where all Men—and Ideas—are at home;

Whose wisdom is VOLTAIRE'S, whose wit is HORACE'S,

Sad, Sir, that you—just now—are driven to roam!

Dear *General Boum*—I mean BOULANGER—pity

Swells in my British bosom as I think

Of you consigned to my dull dirty City,

Which Gallie wits esteem a sewer or sink.

Condemned to dwell with Philistines and Pharisees,

Driven like the butterfly from forth its bower,

Just at the very season when "all Paris" is

Ecstaticising round the Eiffel Tower!

I fear you'll hardly find my Picture Galleries,

And Mrs. LEO HUNTER, compensate

For the *Grande Ville*, its raptures and its raileries;

Still 'tis the passing whim of fickle fate.

Pray make yourself at home! Guests of condition

Have found accommodation here—*comme ça*.

For me, I'm off to see the Exhibition;

And so, must leave you to yourself. Ta-ta!

[*Exit Paris-wards.*]

MORE ABOUT THE PICTURES.—Sir JOHN MILLAIS says that some of the pictures have

a cellar to themselves somewhere. Better have a buyer than a seller.

GOLDEN OPINIONS.—Physicians' Fees.

## "POLYDORÉ, HARK!"

As President and Treasurer of the Executive Council of the British Section in the Paris Exhibition, Sir POLYDORÉ DE KEYSER, Alderman and ex-Lord Mayor, is once more coming to the front. He received the thanks of the Council at the Mansion House for his Parisian labours, and was further honoured by being made Senior Grand Deacon at a Grand Lodge held a week ago. Did it occur to COUNTESS COUNTESS DRURIOLANUS, Magister et Frater, to step forward on this occasion, and, quoting the immortal Bard, to say—

"POLYDORÉ!

I love thee brotherly!"

Or when they went "from labour to refreshment" and "this gentleman whom I call POLYDORÉ" took the chair, did DRURIOLANUS, or any other Shakspearian, remark—

"You, POLYDORÉ, have proved best woodman, and Are master of the feast."

For "woodman" substitute "craftsman," and there you are. For which quotations let DRURIOLANUS see *Cymbeline*, and when found make a note of, and—

"AUGUSTUS lives to think on't."

is in the same play with the above-mentioned lines. Wonderful WILLIAM!

PROBABLE.—It is whispered among the initiated within the radius of which Wimpole Street is the centre, that General BOULANGER has already accepted an engagement as "*Jeune Premier*." Date not yet fixed.





### THE UNINVITED GUEST.

MR. BULL. "WELL—MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME, GENERAL,—I'M OFF TO PARIS FOR THE EXHIBITION!"





## NICE FOR HIS BOOTS!

"OH, CAPTAIN PINKTOP, I'M AFRAID MY SADDLE'S LOOSE! WILL YOU GET DOWN AND TIGHTEN THE GIRTHS?"

## THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN.

THE air with sunlight is alive,  
The sappy boughs are supple,  
And every seat that's meant for five  
Can only hold a couple.

The soft wind warbles like a dream,  
The supple boughs are sappy,  
And all the scatter'd couples seem  
Mysteriously happy.

His mate the mellow mavis greets,  
Sappy the supple boughs are,  
And all the pairs on all the seats  
Exchanging silent vows are.

Mute eloquence of lowly love!  
Sweet void, by words unfillable!  
Convention's fetters far above,  
They need not breathe a syllable!

She contemplates her o'er-teemed gloves,  
Her boots' conspicuous newness;  
While *as* the circumambient loves  
Surveys through smoke-wreaths' blueness.

Ah, would that I and GERALDINE,  
Each a Supreme Caucasian,  
Could walk like them upon the green,  
Unver'd by conversation.

But I and plighted GERALDINE,  
When forth we fare together,  
First do full justice to the scene,  
And then discuss the weather.

The weather! I whose spirit bold  
Feels every star-beat tingle,  
Gathers the moonlight's broken gold  
From the foam-curdled shingle;

Throbs strangely when the new leaves shoot,  
As though too tightly bodied,  
And waves a courteous salute  
When breezy trees have nodded!

O tyrant custom! Happy they  
Who heed not, nor obey it;  
Who, having nothing left to say,  
Simply sit still and say it.  
They lounge at ease beneath the trees,  
Or pace the paths together,  
And let the well-contented breeze  
Whisper about the weather.

## SOMEBODY'S LETTER-BAG.

(Post-mark—Drury Lane.)

DEAR GENERAL,

ARE you open to an offer for the Autumn? First-rate piece, sure to run up to the Pantomime. Something topical, introducing you *in propria persona* at the Parisian Exhibition. First-rate part for you, winding up with your coronation at Notre Dame. Want to do the thing thoroughly, so should like to engage your black horse with you. Wire terms for both. No more time, as am off to the London County Council.

Yours, A-G-ST-S H-RR-S.

(Post-mark—Leicester Square.)

THE Manager of the A—a presents his compliments to the brave General, and will be glad to hear from him. The Manager can offer him a turn at about ten o'clock. The Manager will be pleased if the General's *répertoire* includes "The Return from the Review." The Manager ventures to suggest that the General should assume the *nomme de théâtre* of the "Music-Hall Napoleon," in place of the *St. Arnaud du Café Concert*, as more likely to be understood.

(Post-mark—City Road.)

GENERAL B—a presents his compliments to General B—a, and doesn't see why they

should not combine forces. Can General B—a play the concertina, bang the tambourine, or lead the chorus of an adapted comic song? Sermons taught in one easy lesson, and a variety of useful articles always for sale at the Army's Head-quarters in Queen Victoria Street. Perhaps General B—a might undertake to supply sensational headlines to the articles of the *War Cry*, and to make himself generally useful in the advertisement department.

(Post-mark—Westminster.)

MY DEAR AND GALLANT SIR,

I AM delighted to welcome you to Britain, which is also, I believe, the land of your birth. Why not be naturalised and become a Member of Parliament? I am one myself, and can undertake to teach you all that is requisite in half a dozen hours. I am, perhaps, the most popular man in the House, and know everybody. I am treated with the greatest respect as the most polished gentleman that has ever had the honour to represent a Cornish constituency.

Yours sincerely, G. V. B. C-NYB-RE.

(Post-mark—85, Fleet Street. Enclosing Bundle of MS.)

VERY funny. Several of your manifestos splendid comic copy. Still not quite up to our standard. Please read "Notice to Correspondents." However—on this occasion—returned with thanks.

THE CITY AND SUBURBAN.—"What's in a name?" *Goldseeker* ought to have been after *Bullion*, but *Goldseeker* went ahead, and left *Bullion* behind. Most idiotic! *Bullion* dropped in consequence.

BALFOUR'S "LITTLE GAME."—Golf.



## INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 67.



THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL. "PITY THE POOR CHAIRMAN!"

## A BETHNAL GREEN GRIEVANCE.

THE recent newspaper controversy on the subject of the wretched accommodation provided by the Authorities for the housing of the Collection of the National Portrait Gallery, having been brought to the notice of the pictures themselves, they, last night, held a preliminary meeting for the purpose of discussing their present painful position and prospects. Midnight having struck on a neighbouring East End church clock, the effigies rapidly descended from their frames, and in a very few seconds the floor of the dilapidated

iron-roofed sheds, which at the present moment afford them a habitation, was crowded to excess. There being a general feeling expressed that one of the oldest representatives of Art should preside over the meeting, the effigy of "King HENRY THE THIRD (1206—1272), sculptured in 1291 by WILLIAM TORRELL," was unanimously voted into the Chair, and forthwith opened the proceedings. On rising, and after briefly acknowledging the compliment paid him by his brother effigies, he said: He thought he need not dwell on the circumstances that had called them together at this small hour in the morning. The manner in which they were housed was a public scandal. ("Hear, hear!")

But not only were they caged up in a building that was not even water-tight (groans), but they were buried away down here, in the far "East End," out of the reach of nine-tenths of the sight-seeing classes. (Cries of "Shame!") As to the water coming in, personally that did not affect him, as he was merely an electrotrope from his original bronze in Westminster Abbey. (Laughter.) Still he could enter into the feelings of those brother effigies who had no originals to fall back upon. He sincerely sympathised with them. He would be glad to hear what they had to say on the matter.

"GEORGE MOBLEY, D.D., Bishop of Winchester (1597—1684), drawn in coloured chalks on grey paper by E. LUTHEREL," then rose. He said, that he for one was dreadfully afraid of the damp. It had only to get into his back to take all the colour out of him, and he was quite sure that if he was not soon deposited in some more suitable habitation than that provided by these leaky structures, he should soon, to make use of a vulgar figure of speech, be found walking his chalks altogether. (Roars of laughter.)

"H.R.H. EDWARD DUKE OF KENT, K.G. (1767—1820), an oval Medallion, modelled in wax in 1786 by THOMAS ENGLEHEART," said, that not only did the Boilers let in the cold in winter, but in summer they attracted the sun's heat until their temperature rivalled that of an oven, and it had often occurred to him to ask himself, when he saw some of his oil-painted friends literally cracking with the warmth, whether he could stand much more of it without melting away altogether. Really he ought to have been presented to Madame TISSANDER's. (Laughter.) Indeed he thought that they would all agree with him that if some commercial concern, and not the Nation, had got hold of them, they would long ago have found themselves in far better quarters. ("Hear, hear!")

"King PHILIP THE SECOND (1527—1598), painted by ALONZO

SANCHEZ COELLO," said, it had occurred to him there was a Spanish Exhibition soon going to Earl's Court. Couldn't they manage to get in there when that was over?

"SAMUEL PEPYS, P.R.S. (1633—1703), painted at the age of thirty-four by JOHN HATLA," said, he could not look favourably on any move in the direction of South Kensington. Surely His Majesty had not forgotten their last experience in that neighbourhood, when they were nearly all consumed by a fire originating in the kitchen chimney of an adjacent eighteenpenny restaurant. (Laughter.) There was a good deal of administrative jobbery in his day, no doubt,

and certainly some departments did not do their work very well, but for down-right stick-in-the-mud, waggon-pace mismanagement commend him to the present age. (Cheers.) The idea that they, a respectable party of all the greatest men the country has produced, should be going about literally from house to house begging for 'a lodging was simply preposterous! ("Hear, hear!")

"JOHN, LORD SOMERS (1630—1716), painted by Sir GODFREY KNELLER," wanted to know what was the good of exhibiting him to the British working-man at Bethnal Green. None of them ever knew who he was, or, he believed, had ever even heard of him! Because he wore a long pale grey wig, he was sometimes taken for the Young Pretender, but he felt convinced that the large majority of the speculators who took any notice of him whatever simply associated him with an advertisement of a popular "Hair Restorer." (Laughter.)

"WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564—1616), attributed to RICHARD BURREAGE," who on rising, was received with loud cheering, said: He could fully enter into the feelings of disgust, experienced by comparatively un-

known personages, like the last speaker, at finding themselves relegated to the class of visitors likely to patronise their Collection while located in such an out-of-the-way East End Slum as Bethnal Green. For his own part, he thought he might regard his reputation as independent even of the National Portrait Gallery. ("Hear, hear!") Still, while he formed one of the National Collection, he owned he would like to see it decently located. He firmly believed if his friend MR. AUGUSTUS HARRIS of Drury Lane were to take it in hand, he would soon show the Authorities how to make a respectable institution of it. What was wanted was the firm hand of a practical man of business, and not the irresponsible, shilly-shallying of a do-nothing officialism, which has brought about what Sir JOHN MILLAIS very justly designates a "scandal outright." ("Hear, hear!") Still, he thought the Public seemed fairly aroused about the matter at last, and that something would be done. (Cheers.)

Several other effigies were about to address the meeting when the Chairman, noting from a distant cock-crow the 'approach of dawn, announced its adjournment.

A hurried vote of thanks to their able and indefatigable custodian having then been proposed and carried by acclamation, the phantom figures noiselessly withdrew to their respective frames, and as the night watchman entered the building on his early round, the proceedings silently terminated.



## OUR NATIONAL (PORTRAIT) DISGRACE.

Sir John Millais. "WHAT, NOWHERE TO PUT THEM! IT'S A 'SCANDAL OUTRIGHT'! HERE! HI! GOVERNMENT!! SOMEBODY!!!"

Mr. Punch. "QUITE RIGHT, SIR JOHN. I DREW ATTENTION TO IT NEARLY A YEAR AGO. HOPE YOU'LL MAKE 'SOMEBODY' HEAR AND DO 'SOMETHING.'"

He would be glad to hear what they had to



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Common, Monday, April 29.*—Back after Easter holidays; that is, some of us are; not nearly such rush to get back as there was to get off. OLD MORALITY early in his place. "Punctuality," he says, turning over his list of new copy-book headings collected during the recess, "punctuality is the thief of time. That is one of the maxims, dear TOBY, that have piloted me through the rocks and shoals of this wicked world, and led me into the high position, the attainment of which, as I mentioned at the



The Curse of Cambrone going to Prison to Boast.

dinner they gave me in the City the other day, is a perpetual mystery to me. You may, in the course of your reading, have come across an episode in the history of one of the predecessors of our Gracious Sovereign. His title was, I may mention, GEORGE THE THIRD. Observing an apple-dumpling in the tenement-house of a neighbouring cottager, the mind of His Majesty was much exercised as to the nature of the process by which the fruit was inducted within the folds of the pastry. 'Dumpling! Dumpling!' said His Good Gracious. 'Um—um—What? what? what? But how did the apple get there, Ma'am?' A somewhat similar inquiry occasionally presents itself to my mind. How did I get here? But being here, I can assure you that I shall spare no effort to do my duty to the House and to the Country, and in all things not incompatible with the interests of public business I shall endeavour to consult the convenience of Hon. Gentlemen in all parts of the House."

OLD MORALITY much enjoyed delivery of these few remarks; so did I, in degree; glad to find him in better health and bubbling spirits; fact is, I hear, things are looking better with Irish Government, and brighter prospects reflected on genial countenance of OLD MORALITY. BALFOUR saved his trump card till the last; did pretty well in arranging for temporary withdrawal of Dr. TANNER; but to lay CONTREBANK by the heels, and open up prospect for however brief a period of delivering House from his company, irresistible. The usual gridding at Question Time and badgering over Votes, but no heart in it. BALFOUR's sudden access of popularity prevailed; gratitude predominated over faction. *Business done.*—In Supply.

## HOME RULE—AND AFTER?

(Vide Lord Salisbury's Speech at Bristol, last week.)



*Midsummer, 1892.*—General Election, and return of rattling majority pledged to Home-Rule.

*Autumn, same Year.*—Mr. GLADSTONE, Prime Minister. Younger than ever. Hoarseness all gone.

*Next Two Years.*—Home-Rule Bills being steadily passed. Mr. PARNELL appointed First Lord of the Irish Treasury, Commander-in-Chief of Irish Volunteers, and honorary Lord High Admiral of Hibernian Navy.

*April, 1895.*—Irish Parliament deprives all Irish landlords of their land, without compensation, and sells half for public purposes. 'With proceeds begins building five gigantic ironclads and twenty torpedo boats in Kingstown Harbour. Mr. GLADSTONE, asked in English House of Commons "whether these proceedings cause him any uneasiness," replies, "None at all."

*Later in Year.*—Outbreak of War between England, on one side, and France, Russia, Germany, and Timbuctoo, all combined, on the other. Mr. GLADSTONE (hoarseness having returned) retires to Upper House. Sir JOHN MORLEY, Prime Minister. Says, "he doesn't

believe in war as a general thing, but is against oppression of any nationality in any part of the world, and will fight to the death." Up-rosarious cheering. New Premier carried home on shoulders of mob.

*January, 1896.*—One of Lord High Admiral PARNELL's ironclads seen off Liverpool. Scare on Local Exchange. All securities go down with a run. Five leading Liverpool cotton merchants drown themselves in Mersey.

*February.*—Captain HEALY, in command of a fast cruiser, sails up Avon when Fleet is away, and destroys half Bristol before anything can be done to stop him. Panics everywhere. Commodore TANNER takes command of a torpedo vessel, and tries to nail his flag to the mast. Finding there is no mast to nail it to, steers straight for mouth of Thames, and is caught by River Police trying to blow up Houses of Parliament by a cleverly-aimed "Whitehead." Placed in manacles and the Tower.

*March.*—Admiral PARNELL in person leads an Invincible Armada from the North Wall, Dublin, in direction of Glasgow. In consequence of several English ironclads having to watch these operations, English Navy rather badly beaten off Yarmouth by combined Russian and French fleet. No quotations for Yarmouth blasters. Panic among owners of Lowestoft bathing-machines.

*Later.*—Irish Armada, driven by contrary winds, lands in Flintshire. Commander determines to bivouac in Hawarden Park. Earl GLADSTONE (now rather infirm) says he is always glad to welcome excursionists, but "he really hardly expected this sort of thing when he passed Home Rule." Admiral PARNELL says, "Neither did he." Is very sorry, but "will be obliged to carry off the G. O. M. to Ireland, unless heavy ransom offered." Lord GLADSTONE suggests that "perhaps a better ransom could be obtained by capturing Duke of WESTMINSTER, who lives near." Admiral PARNELL tells this to the Irish Marines. A move made for Eaton Hall. Capture of the place, defeat of local Volunteers, and collapse of British Empire.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

*The Five Talents of Woman*, by the Author of *How to be Happy, though Married*. This author is a bold man. He only attributes five talents to woman! Can he expect to be married, and, if married, can he expect to be happy in ascribing to them such a limited range of ability? But let not the fair sex be frightened by the title. Let them read the book.

In *The Wanderings of a Globe Trotter*, the Hon. LEWIS WINGFIELD shows us that the Globe may be used for other purposes than an evening newspaper, a lamp-glass, or a receptacle for gold-fish. He demonstrates that it may have its advantages as a trotting-ground. The present volume shows he has trotted to considerable purpose, and though his distances may have been long and his pace rapid, he certainly did not wear blinkers. Whether he is staying at Hong-Kong, exploring Peking, describing the Great Wall, discoursing of Tokio, picturing Manila, or the Sooloo Archipelago, he rarely fails to be amusing. Especially interesting are the two chapters on play-going in China and Japan. A bright, graphic chronicle of travel, commendably free from statistics, guide-book literature, and traveller's trivialities.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS &amp; Co.

## THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

THERE has been a good deal of painting in water-colours during the last few months in London. The result has been the spoiling of a great many hats and the splashing of an infinity of garments. A much pleasanter form of water-colour painting do we find in that Gallery on "the sweet sunny side of Pall Mall," where Sir JOHN GILBERT presides. It is undoubtedly situated on the pleasantest side of the street, and the tone of the *salon* is emphatically sunny. There is just enough to see and not too much. Now the weather is beginning to improve, and the trees are getting green, the opening of this gallery is very acceptable. If you wish to have a sniff of the briny, or a peep into the country without the trouble, expense, or waste of time, you have only to pay your shilling, and you will be personally conducted, with the smallest amount of fatigue, to all sorts of delightful places. Among your most notable and accomplished travelling companions you will find Sir JOHN GILBERT, Messrs. A. W. HUNT, E. J. POYNTER, HERBERT MARSHALL, R. BRAVIS, F. SMALL-FIELD, T. J. WATSON, W. FIELD, BIRKET FOSTER, "GUY" GEORGE DU MAURIER, HOLMAN HUNT, A. GOODWIN, H. STACY MARKS, C. GREGORY, CARL HAAG, J. D. WATSON, A. D. FRIPP, HENRY MOORE, P. J. NAPTEL, E. K. JOHNSON, Miss CLARA MONTALBA, and Mrs. AILLINGHAM.

THE ART-FUL DODGER.

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# SUNLIGHT

**SUNLIGHT SOAP**  
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PRICE 3<sup>d</sup> PER TABLET.  
**WHY DOES**

A WOMAN'S HEALTH SO OFTEN BREAK DOWN AT AN EARLY AGE? PUT A MAN AT A WASHING TUB LET HIM GET HEATED WITH THE HOT SUDS UNTIL EVERY PORE IS OPENED, THEN LET HIM STAND OVER THE FILTHY STEAM THAT COMES FROM SCALDING & BOILING CLOTHES AND HIS HEALTH CERTAINLY WOULD BREAK DOWN BEFORE LONG & YET THIS TERRIBLE ORDEAL IS EXACTLY WHAT

**A WOMAN**

HAS TO GO THROUGH ON WASHING DAYS; AND BESIDES, WHILE OVERHEATED AT THE HOT WORK SHE HAS TO RISK HER LIFE BY GOING OUT IN THE OPEN AIR TO HANG UP CLOTHES THESE FACTS WHICH ARE KNOWN TO EVERY HOUSEKEEPER, READILY EXPLAIN WHY SO MANY WOMEN

**LOOK OLD**

WHILE YET YOUNG IN YEARS, AND PHYSICIANS & BOARDS OF HEALTH CANNOT DRAW ATTENTION TOO STRONGLY TO THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF THE USUAL WAY OF WASHING WITH ITS NECESSARY STEAM & SCALDING OR BOILING TO GET THE CLOTHES PURE & SWEET. FORTUNATELY THIS TROUBLE CAN BE AVOIDED

**SOONER THAN**

BY THE OLD WAY BY USING "SUNLIGHT SOAP" A SOAP SO PURIFYING & CLEANSING THAT THE DIRTIEST CLOTHING CAN BE WASHED IN LUKEWARM WATER WITH VERY LITTLE RUBBING, AND CLOTHES, BEDDING & LINEN CLEANSED WITHOUT EITHER SCALDING OR BOILING WHILE THE WORK IS SO LIGHT THAT A GIRL OF 12 OR 13 CAN DO A LARGE WASH WITHOUT BEING TIRED NOW THAT THERE IS A REMEDY FOR THE GREAT WASHING DAY EVIL SO ECONOMICAL IN ITS USE AS TO BE WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL THERE IS NOT A WOMAN OR

**A MAN?**

WHO IS NOT DIRECTLY INTERESTED IN HAVING INTRODUCED INTO THEIR HOUSES THAT WONDERFUL WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES WHICH WHEN PROPERLY TRIED DOES AWAY WITH THE HARD WORK, OFFENSIVE SMELL & FEARFUL STEAM ON WASHING DAY AND MAKES THE WHITE PIECES WHITER, COLOURED PIECES BRIGHTER, AND FLANNEL'S SOFTER THAN THEY CAN BE MADE BY WASHING THE OLD WAY & ALSO LEAVES EVERY ARTICLE AS CLEAN AND SWEET AND AS PURE AS IF NEVER WORN.

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# SOAP

## REPORT ON "SUNLIGHT SOAP."

From Sir CHARLES A. CAMERON, M.D.,

*Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Vice-President of the Institute of Chemistry of Great Britain, Chief Medical Officer of Health for Dublin, & St. C. Cambridge University, Member of the College of Physicians, Professor of Hygiene and Chemistry, Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, Hon. Mem. Societies of Hygiene of Paris, Bordeaux, and Belgium.*

LABORATORY, ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS, STEPHEN'S GREEN, W., DUBLIN.

February 15th, 1889.

I have carefully analysed specimens of the "SUNLIGHT SOAP" submitted to me for that purpose by Messrs. Lever Brothers, Warrington, and the following are the results at which I have arrived:—

The points in the composition of this Soap that are most valuable, are its freedom from free Alkali, the large per-centage of Fatty Acids which it contains, and the purity of the materials employed in its preparation. I employ the Soap for my own Toilet purposes, and from my actual experience of it, can strongly recommend it.

(Signed)

CHARLES A. CAMERON.

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See Illustration of H.M.S. "Ganeporell." Illustrated London News, March 16th, 1889, pages 231 and 232.

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